THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

No. 23.

VOL. VI.] *New-York....Saturday, April* 2....1808.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

THE HISTORY OF

A MAN OF THE MODE.

A SKETCH OF REAL LIFE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAMES.

.....

Sir Robert ——, the father of the present Sir ——, was a man of mean birth, mean fortune, and a still meaner soul; being successful, however, in his trade, he amassed immense wealth. His former meanness was now forgotten; he purchased a baronetage, and to give it greater weight, a borough. His services to the ministry rendered him a favourite at court; and he now acted that part of servility in a more splendid scene, which he had formerly exhibited in his shop. The most singular trait in his character, was a peculiar shrewdness of remark; and I remember one of his maxims, which is still repeated with praise, "Nothing is lost,' he would say, in the purchase of promotion, by general flattery, the only current coin of courts: it is buying a commodity with bad money; the seller is indeed a dupe, but the buyer is certainly a gainer." With this species of Scotch morality, it is no reasonable subject of surprise that Sir Robert was the favourite of a court.

There was something, however, still wanting to Sir Robert. His baronetage, his seat in parliament, and his court favour had indeed advanced his consequence. He had been appointed chairman of many petty societies; and where the business was not of too great importance, had appeared in the list of a Select Committee. He had ventured to propose several new turnpikes; and, to the astonishment of his warmest friends, once defended the utility of a navigable canal, even in a full house. Something, however, was still wanting to inspire him with greater confidence. His former occupation, in a low and menial trade, was not so wholly forgotten, but that the rival candidate of his borough interest would sometimes recall it to his memory; he was even fearful of giving his silent *aye* with too much warmth of gesture, lest the Opposition should level a jest at so respectable an associate of their adversaries.

To guard against these inconveniences, nothing could be fully effectual but to increase his consequence to a point which must awe

them to respect. He had recourse to the usual means—a matrimonial alliance. His friends procured him a wife to his wishes, one who as heartily despised him as she loved his wealth. Sir Robert, however, according to his own expression, was here even with her; for he hated her person as much as he admired her quality. This mutual hatred and mutual attachment, however, are the usual foundation of a fashionable union; Sir Robert therefore received the hand of the lady as the patent of a new title. The present Sir ———, was the only issue of this marriage; and became so strong a cement, that the subsequent affection of Sir Robert and his lady could only be equalled by their former contempt—an effect of matrimony more usual than credible.

Sir Robert was resolved that his son should enjoy those advantages of which the narrow circumstances of his early life had deprived himself. "I tremble (said Sir Robert) when I rise to propose a turnpike; but it shall not be so with my son, he shall propose a budget without a blush. I hesitate when I fix a parish-rate; it shall not be so with my son, he shall tax a nation with a confidence as unblushing as the Premier himself; he shall stand unmoved amidst contending benches, and command order with the dignity and authority of the Chair himself." Such were the resolutions of Sir Robert, and such his rule of education for his only son and heir.

Nor was the care of the lady less occupied upon the future figure of her son. About a year before her union with Sir Robert, she had been addressed by a libertine of fashion; but as her lover had started a better fortune, he had not hesitated to desert his former pursuit and hunt his new game. He had married this his second mistress but a few months before the lady herself accepted the hand of Sir Robert; and it was to resentment of this infidelity, perhaps, that Sir Robert owed the rapid success of his solicitation. She had not as yet forgotten this injury, and the first wish of her heart was revenge upon her faithless lover. I relate these circumstances, because they are necessary to the narrative, and will furnish a singular example as well of the permanence, as of the long reach and persevering progress of female vengeance. In one word, the lady was resolved to employ her son as the instrument of her revenge upon her lover, and determined to educate him upon a system suited to this purpose.

"The manly and regular features of my son," said she, "resemble those of my lover. His manners and accomplishments shall have the same similitude. He shall be the same seductive libertine, have the same brilliancy of fashion, contempt of mosals, and gay indifference to every thing which the more vulgar part of his species esteem of importance; by this means will he become an ef-

fectual means of my vengeance. The daughters of my lover shall be his first attempt: he shall return upon them the injury I have received from their father; my vengeance may, perhaps, still be complete. The wife of my perjured lover may be the victim of my son's seduction. Glorious vengeance! I will hesitate no longer.'

Such was the purpose of this lady in the education of her son; and so lively and durable was her resolution, that she persevered in this system from the earliest years of her son's youth to the final accomplishment of her purpose. Such was the origin of the character of Sir ——; and you will find the harvest has not disappointed the hopes of the cultivators.

At the proper age he was sent to Westminster School; his father and mother very properly considered this as the *menage* of his future life and character. They did not fail, therefore, to accompany their adieus upon his departure with suitable advice.

'Remember boy,' said Sir Robert, 'the sole end of your life is promotion, and that of your education, the talents to attain it. Be it yours, therefore, to acquire these means of your elevation—a never-blushing confidence and a command of face. Be it your's to obtain that constancy of purpose, that obstinacy of resolution, that the hiss of the united nation shall in vain assail your resolved mind. Remember that worth is utility with another name.'

Thus spoke the father, nor did the lady address her son with less earnestness or less effect: she presented him with a splendid edition of Chesterfield; and with a parting embrace, commanded him, as he valued her parental blessing, to study it, and resemble its all-accomplished author. 'Remember,' said she, 'that the true end of your life is pleasure, and that fortune and honour are to be sought but as the means of its attainment. Where is the value of the Ribbon, but that it recommends you with more effect to your mistress? Where is the value of wealth, but that it supplies you with the sources of pleasure? Be it your's, therefore to unite the talents of pleasure with those less necessary qualities of business—remember the Graces.'

With such advice was the young Sir —— dismissed to the scene of a public school; nor was it long before he began to fulfil the hopes of his parents: his expences were so far beyond his allowance, that it became necessary to double the original appointment: every post brought a complaint of the irregularity and contempt of discipline of the young Sir ——. The father began at length to be somewhat alarmed; but as the vacation approached, he waited with patience to judge with his own eyes.

The young Sir —— at length arrived; his voice was manly, his

air confident, and his deportment haughty. Sir Robert was satisfied. 'This boy will do,' exclaimed he; 'he will not blush at an Income tax!'

Sir Robert, upon this reflection, embraced him with new rapture; and as he threw his eyes upon his features, already fancied himself in the presence of a future Premier. Nor did the mother regard him with less interest or less satisfaction: his person was well composed, and his features marked with the characters of manliness; his conversation was not without gaiety; in one word, his whole air was that of a youthful libertine. His mother could scarcely contain her rapture as she made this observation.

Having thus run his course through Westminster, he was sent to college for the finish of his education. His talents, and the happiness of his nature, were equally conspicuous upon this as upon his former stage; his fame was soon spread through the University; and the heart of his mother beat with rapture when she found him to have become a too fashionable libertine for the sobriety of collegiate discipline. An allowance liberal to excess at once excited and gratified his most turbulent passions. The gay propensities of his nature were still further encouraged by the praises and example of his companions: it was true that his irregularities would sometimes reach the ear of his tutor; but as Sir —— drank claret, the tutor had the prudence to overlook any deficiency in his conduct, in the redundance of his table. The young Sir ——, indeed, would sometimes conceal a mistress in his chamber; the matter would become whispered in the Hall, and the tutor would pronounce a public remonstrance. A tutor, however, is not a Cato; though the son of Sir Robert, "*dando et largiundo;*" appeared to emulate a Cæsar.

In this manner was performed the collegiate course of the young Sir——, and in the same manner, with equal splendour and equal profit, is performed that of a thousand others. His mother no sooner beheld him upon the conclusion of this second act of his education, than she exclaimed in a rapture, that he had exceeded her fondest hopes; she even uttered an apostrophe to the long departed spirit of the bearded Alfred, by whose pious care, and munificent protection, the collegiate towers had raised their lofty heads. "Let the blockheads who mistake the spirit of these courtly institutions," exclaimed she, "drone away their lives in the pursuit of science; it has been your's, my son, to avail yourself of their real utility: from a constrained attendance upon their chapels, you have contracted a wise indifference to all religions; from an unconstrained indulgence in every pleasure, you have formed yourself by habit to pursue it as the

only end of life !" Nor was the satisfaction of his father less than that of the lady herself: as he regarded the *ærea frons*, the haughty air of defiance, and the countenance which was never disgraced by a blush, of this only son and future hope and representative, he found it equally difficult to contain his paternal satisfaction. "This boy will do," said he: 'a Premier himself would not blush to acknowledge him for his own: what, indeed, may I not expect from him! he may suspend the Habeas Corpus act, and double a national debt !"

Such were the mutual congratulations of Sir Robert and his Lady, upon the survey of the qualities of their hopeful heir. The last act however, of fashionable education still remained, and the son of Sir Robert was sent upon his grand tour. But previous to his departure, his father and mother had been equally anxious to provide him with proper companions, nor was this anxiety fruitless; they had procured a Scotch tutor, with the morality and happy dexterity which, to do them justice, is not uncommon with this class of the learned. This gentleman was not without learning; but he had what recommended him with more force, a spirit of servility and of the most courtly compliance: he was a declared infidel, and as such, Sir Robert observed, could not fill the head of his son with those prejudices of conscience which might be a check to him in his progress to future dignity—the sole end of all Sir Robert's aims and hopes:—he had been expelled the kirk for blasphemy; but blasphemy, as Sir Robert well observed, was no small argument of confidence; and who could deny that confidence was a talent of value to a minister? He had, morever, been kicked; but patience, according to the opinion of Sir Robert, was equally ministerial with confidence:—he finished this remark by engaging the tutor at a salary of five hundred a year. Nor did his mother delay to add another member to his travelling suite—this was a French dancing-master: but as this fellow had formerly been a corporal in one of the regiments of Calais, and deserted from it to seek a fortune upon the opposite shore, it was arranged that he should not join our traveller till his entrance into Italy. The young gentleman himself added the third, and perhaps most necessary of all his suite—an Italian opera-dancer. You must not, however, suppose that this was without the knowledge of the good lady, his mother; for, to do justice to her tender affection to her son, she no sooner learned this addition to his party, than she prevailed upon his father to add another five hundred to his appointment, for the support of Signora in all due splendour. Sir Robert, indeed, was somewhat inclined to hold out against this new demand; but as the lady happened fortunately to observe that intrigue was a

ministerial talent, Sir Robert, without further hesitation, nodded, and signed.

[*To be continued.*]

From the Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing, most of all, for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him to the ship."

THIS is the inimitable description, in the Acts of the Apostles, of pathetic incidents, which occurred in the parting interview between St. Paul, and the elders of the Ephesian Church.

In my prior speculations, whenever I have mentioned the name of that great man, I have always expatiated, with a warmth which I sincerely felt, upon the fine features of his moral and intellectual character. The strongest passions, and a most fervid imagination, he controuled by the science of self-government; and though he always felt warmly, he always spoke and acted wisely. He had all the learning of a scholar, the skill of a statesman, the manners of a courtier, the principles of a gentleman, and the piety of a hermit. In short he was a Cavalier Christian, and one of Nature's Nobles. He was the phoenix, and paragon of primitive goodness. Noble in reason, infinite in faculties, in action, how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!

The proofs of his learning and genius are discernable in every page of his annals. It is a curious circumstance, that he was not only educated by one of the most accomplished Jewish scholars, but that the place of his nativity was consecrated to science and art. Of his native spot he was justly proud, and sometimes alludes to his citizenship of Tarsus, with a patriot's exultation, and a scholar's complacency.—The most accurate and authentic of the Greek geographers, Strabo, who, contemporary with Agustus, and Tiberius Cæsar, flourished in the golden age of Literature, and witnessed the production and perusal of many of those immortal pages, whose authors are canonized by the purest Taste, and the most rigid criticism, says expressly, of the inhabitants of this learned metropolis, that they sedously studied philosophy, and the whole circle of knowledge, as to *surpass Athens*, Alexandria, or any other place, where profound science and elegant letters were cultivated. In this other and better Athens, this OXFORD, of Asia, disciplined by a Gamaliel, and assisted by brilliant parts, and constant application, St. Paul became one of the wisest men of the age. He was an admirable linguist, and an acute logician; and

his genius, as an oratour and a writer, is acknowledged even by infidels. During his visits to Athens and Rome, the fairest cities in the world, enlightened by strong rays of Philosophy, and polished by all the refinement of liberal studies, he seems to be entirely at home, in the circles of literature and genius. The poetry, the philosophy, and the theology, of the times are perfectly familiar to him. Over the subtilest of the sophists, his dexterity of disputation obtains many a signal triumph, and whether he harrangues before princes, or mean men, whether he is ardent and argumentative, before the Areopagus, or playful and familiar in the Forum, he seems to challenge the general applause. He was the Jewish Aristippus, and an Alcibiades might have learned new lessons of versatility, from this compliant Cilician.

But, independently of his intellectual worth, there are many features in his moral character, which deserve the most careful contemplation. He was singularly intrepid, indefatigable, industrious, affectionate, pious, charitable, and benevolent. With the courage of a soldier, he combines all the kindness of a woman, though wise as a serpent, he is harmless as a dove. Of his patience of persecution, labour, sorrow, and adversity: of his affection for the sisters Humility and Content, let him, in permanent colours, delineate the lovely picture:

"Giving no offence in any thing, that the ministry might not be blamed, but in all things, approving ourselves, in much patience in affliction, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, and fastings, by pureness, by knowledge by long suffering, by kindness, by THE COMFORTER, by love unfeigned, by the Word of Truth, by the Divine Power, by the armour of righteousness, on the right hand and on the left, by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet as true, as unknown, and yet well known, as dying, and behold! we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; *as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things.*"

I cannot resist the temptation to remark incidentally, upon the conclusion of this round and rhetorical period, that it finely describes the independent spirit, and inexhaustible treasures of Genius, associated with Labour and Learning. I have, in the works of some minor poet, read the following lines, which finely display the hidden treasures, and powerful resources of intellect:

> He who has *treasures of his own*,
> May leave a palace or a throne,
> May *quit the world*, and *dwell alone*,
> Within his *spacious mind*.

But notwithstanding the ardour of his piety, and the variety of his

learning, notwithstanding all his gifts of Reason, Imagination, and Eloquence, his opinions were misconstructed by the absurdity of some, and his life jeopardized by the malignity of others. The novelty, boldness, and unpalatableness of his doctrine were extremely offensive to the Pagan world. The captiousness of Philosophy cavilled at every line, and the stoic frowned, or the epicurean laughed at every precept! The persecution of Paul was exactly like that of every other great genius, who has the misfortune to be cotemporary with Ignorance and Fanaticism. Moreover, the illiberal treatment that he received, was not, we are decidedly of opinion, from his attachment to christianity. His superior talents and endowments provoked envy and hostility. By *an evil, and an adulterous generation*, in certain execrable epochs, in the annals of mankind, the sunbeams of Truth and Genius are shunned as sedulously as the rays of the brightest luminary are blinked at by the optics of an owl. When the great majority of any nation, in any age, have determined to be wrong, they, naturally, detest the man who dares to tell them so, and who determines to be right. This was precisely the case of Paul. He was the votary of Reason and Truth. Of these powers he was the ingenious and eloquent advocate. Hence, the hatred of prejudice, the persecution of party, the fury of blind zealots, the malevolence of the mad multitude, the bleating of the silly sheep, and the grunting of the stupid swine of society. These are vile principles, and viler sounds, and they are never more operative, than when a benefactor to the human race is to be hunted down as a victim. The fate of Paul, like that of an Archbishop in a more recent era, was, to be sacrificed at the shrine of superstition.

Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning brings him to the block;
Around his tomb let Art and Science weep,
But hear his fate, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

In the decline of his apostolical labours, Paul has constantly a gloomy presentment of his martyrdom at Rome. After numerous trials, and vexations, his patience and goodness are not yet exhausted; and he commences a pious pilgrimage to Jerusalem. While he was hastening thither, mindful of his approaching dissolution, he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the church. In a train of manly, touching, and sublime eloquence, he here addressed them; and the passage to which we refer, is his valedictory oration, which is one of the most affecting, as well as elegant, of the speeches that have been preserved, among the archives of Genius, and the rolls of Rhetorick. After a concise and rapid enumeration of his services to the Christian Church, he adverts to his future fate, but regards it

with a steady eye, and avows the most implicit resignation. He will be a joyful martyr, if he perish in the cause of Truth. He assures his religious friends, that this is a *final* interview. He then seriously adjures them, to attest the purity of his innocence, the integrity of his motives, the perseverance of his industry, and the candour of his life. He warns them against the delusions of infidelity, the heresies of Schism, and the spirit of persecution. He recommends assiduity and vigilance in the discharge of their pious duties; and, justly cites himself as an example of one, who was a punctilious and watchful Mentor. He then benignantly and fervently commends them to the Divine Protection, and concludes with an eulogium on the virtues of Charity, and a declaration of his own entire disinterestedness, thro' the whole of his laborious career: He thus nobly describes his freedom from avarice, his patience of labour, and his generous spirit:

"I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves do know, *that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me.* I have showed you all things, how that so labouring, ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord, how he said "It is more blessed to give, than to receive."

When he had thus spoken, he reverently knelt down, and offered his orisons with those of the christian sages. His recent address, his dignified manner, his affectionate tones, the remembrance of his glorious services, and his torturing afflictions, the melancholy foreboding of his unhappy doom, and the consciousness that this was the *last time* that they should listen to such an oratour, be taught by such a philosopher, and be edified by the example of such a saint, produced a burst of enthusiasm, affection, and regret. They all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all, for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.

This group of primitive christians, thus exchanging these affectionate salutations, could not be perfectly delineated, even by the great masters in the schools of Painting. Nothing but the language of the text is adequate to the scene.—While revolving the topicks of this imperfect essay in my mind, I at first thought, with too much presumption, that I might, possibly, sketch something like a paraphrase. But this was a vain imagination. No artist can give a brighter tint to the violet, than its own azure. We cannot redden the rose, nor teach music to the nightingale. The most flaring flambeau would fade before the radiance of a star, and the most polished periods of Plato halt after the language of inspiration. Nothing can brighten the everlasting colours in this historical picture of

Paul and his companions, bidding each other an eternal farewell. If there was ever a tolerable resemblance of a scene so pathetic, it may be found in the gallery of Shakespeare. It is a miniature, but as might be expected from that genius, the colours are perennial and the imitation exquisite.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part;
And even there, his eye being *big with tears*,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wonderous sensible,
He *wrung* Bassanio's hand.

To the Ed. of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR,

I confess myself unable to extricate THOMAS FICKLE from his uncertainty. Love is a subject of *feeling*, and not of *reason*. In mathematics, we can attain absolute demonstration, in natural philosophy indisputable proof, and in metaphysics moral certainty; in each of these elevated sciences there are established axioms which impress the mind with intuitive conviction, and leave no room for the cavils of disputation, or the doubts of scepticism. But it were in vain to attempt to ascertain the existence of any passion by a process of reasoning, for passions are subject to no rule; they are slaves of custom and of habit, of caprice and accident; an object which would excite the benevolence of one, might raise the detestation of another; and an object which would inflame with love the bosom of susceptibility, might raise ebullitions of disgust in a callous heart. It will not follow that, because a lady is perfect in external form, and consummate in beauty of visage, that she must necessarily enrapture any particular heart: we cannot argue with a man, this lady possesses a beautiful shape, a lovely face, a brilliant eye, a rosy cheek; therefore, Timothy, thou oughtest to love her; nay, responds our man, 'I don't take to her.' I am not of opinion with those philosophers, who hold that every Jack has his Gill, that is, that every man and woman have their exact parts and counterparts, were originally formed in precise adaption to each other, and that if they miss of union, they can make no other so felicitous a conjunction; neither do I subscribe to the opinion of SAMUEL JOHNSON, that all marriages would be equally happy, if the parties were chosen by the Chancellor: but I contend that there is a peculiar felicity which some possess, to inspire a particular person with that gentle passion whose exquisite titulations so materially constitute the happiness of life, a certain *indescribable something*, of which none but the percipient can judge. I therefore confess myself unqualified positively to determine whether Mr. Fickle is or is not in love; but least I should seem to be empty of knowledge, I must needs say something, when there is not much to be said.

There are certain presumptive evidences of a person's being in love, such as writing poetry, or if the lover is not a poet, he will write what comes as near to poetry as he can, or if the "sacred nine" are very hostile to him, (a case that sometimes happens) he will condescend to embody his ideas in prosaic composition, still aiming at the melody of numbers. He is apt to declare his supreme indifference to all earthly acquisitions in comparison of a virtuous partner for life—he will say that could he meet with such a one, he would lay at her feet the riches of the East, together with all the tobacco of Virginia, and all the sugar and rum of the West Indies—he will be neat about his person, not to say magnificent: you shall often find him at his tailor's shop, in vehement declamation about clothes and fashions, to the confusion of the master workman, and the consternation of the journeymen—if he is well made, he will wear tight clothes, that his shape may be seen, and if he is ill made, he will wear loose clothes, that his shape may not be seen; in short, he will punctiliously adjust his dress so as to exhibit what beauty he has, and to conceal the deformity whereof he is possessed. I will not follow him to the shoemaker, and describe his anxiety to have a small, handsome, well-shapen boot, and a neat pair of pumps; nor have I time to speak of the barber, who is indispensible to our man; suffice it to say, that sometimes he has his hair cropped, sometimes queued, sometimes clubbed, sometimes put up with a comb, or, in fact, fixed in some way or other which he thinks will be most irresistible. A lover endeavours to perform some achievement that his mistress may hear of, and that may make him appear worthy in her sight. It is well known that Don Quixotte travelled the world in quest of adventures, defied to battle the most redoubtable champions of his time, journeyed all day maugre the meridian fervour of the sun, and slept by night under the canopy of heaven, that he might infuse into Miss Toboso an opinion of his valour, hardihood, and prowess: this spirit of gallantry departed not wholly from the world with the departure of this audacious knight. What achievement the lover falls on, depends on circumstances; if he is little in person he tries to win a bet at jumping, or at *hop*, *skip* and *jump*; or in walking.—If he is large in person, he tries to cane a man, or raises a riot in the Theatre. Courage is lovely in the eyes of the fair. So are great attainments in knowledge. So the lover endeavours to impress his fair one with a great opinion of his knowledge—he talks in her presence to somebody about Hydraulics, the regions of the moon, and about Comets, and when he has scared her with apprehensions that a comet may one day burn the earth, he pacifies her by proving that the thing is impossible. Thus he terrifies the whole family with

the consideration of his knowledge. Our hero is most lavish in his expenditures for confectionaries, and very liberal in treating his dulcinea with *sugar-candy*, *sugar-plumbs*, and *burnt almonds*, not with Ice-cream, and oranges, for ice-cream, he tells her, may give her a cold, especially if taken when warm, and oranges, he tells her, may bring on the incubus, or night-mare, or some other fatal malady. Sometimes he gets the organ-man to play before her door, and while the plaintive notes of that harmonious instrument are breaking upon the stillness of the night, he tells some romantic story of hapless lovers, talks about the highlands up the north river, or relates the pranks of his boyish days, and the misventures of his youth. These are some of the symptoms which a man in love usually exhibits. I could specify many more, but for certain reasons I shall stop here.

TIMOTHY FOLIO.

New-York, March 28—1808

VARIETY.

AFTER the memorable capitulation of the British troops at Saratoga, Gen. Gates, with that humanity which is ever the attendant of true courage, invited Burgoyne to his tent, and used him as an unfortunate brother: After supper, one evening, Burgoyne, in a jocular manner, observed, 'Gates, who the d——l made you a General?' Gates gravely replied, 'My country, sir.' 'Sir, if your country had consulted your abilities, she would rather have made you a man-midwife.' 'And so she did sir; and from experience you must acknowledge I have been a pretty successful one; for in one day I delivered you of *seven thousand*.

A WISE FOOL.

WHEN Francis I. king of France was to march his army into Italy, he consulted with his captains how to lead them over the Alps. Amouil, his fool, advised them to consult rather the manner of bringing them back again.

A BORROWED FACE.

AN officer of a disbanded regiment, of a jovial, ruddy, countenance, having applied to the paymaster of the regiment to relieve his wants, was answered that his countenance belied him. 'For heaven's sake, my Lord!' said the officer, 'don't mistake—the vissage you see is not *mine*, but my *landlady's*, who has fed me on credit these twelve months.'

SERIOUS FLIGHT.

GARNERIN, the celebrated Æronaut, in his second nocturnal excursion at Paris, on the evening of the 24th September, had not been heard of on the 28th. Some one observed, that Garnerin had fallen in love with Madame LUNA, and was too high-minded to revisit his acquaintances below him.'

A Gentleman having observed in company that a deceased friend, a *lawyer*, had left behind him very few *effects*, 'I can readily believe it, (said a female wit present) he had very few *causes*.'

A learned gentleman, in one of the Eastern States, who professes himself master of *six tongues*, advertises for a wife. He may possibly meet with his match.

A certain rich physician, was lately complaining in a coffee-house, that he had three fine daughters, to whom he should give ten thousand dollars each; and yet he could find nobody to marry them. 'With you leave, Doctor,' said an Irishman, who was present, stepping up and making a bow, 'I'll take *two* of them!'

I cannot cease to be astonished, in considering in what manner, the immense crowd of people, who throng a great city, provide for themselves. They all eat something, and sleep somewhere, but God knows how, or when!

A good enough sort of a man, is of a cold, tame, civil, cautious disposition, and has ballanced so exactly through the whole of his life, that he has never obliged, or disobliged, any one. He has neither friend nor foe in the world, but were he to break his neck to-night, no human creature would either feel sorrow or satisfaction!

PRINCES, says Scavedra, have no superiors but God and Fame, who alone, by fear of punishment, can awe them to act honourably. Hence they often dread historians more than enemies: like Belshazzar, who could feast while the foe was besieging; but when he saw the hand begin to write his countenance changed, and the joints of his loins were loosed.

Bon-mot, on the late Vice-Chancellor of Trinity-College, Dublin.

THE Vice-Chancellor was remarkably fond of *ham*. He frequently asserted, that he thought men ought to adhere to the principles in which they were educated, and abide by the customs which belonged to the creed of their fathers. His worship being once present at a table where a *hot ham* was brought into the room, the flavor seemed to delight him, but before he could make an incision, one of the company requested he would answer the following question: 'If you, Sir, had been educated a Jew, how would you have acted, if, when you were very hungry, such a ham as this had been placed before you;' 'Sir,' replied he, 'I would have pulled off my hat, made a low bow, and said with Agrippi, *Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.*"

IT is a singular circumstance that an act allowing dancing, &c. on the Sabbath, should have passed in the reign of Charles I. who,

his greatest enemies must allow, had at least every exterior of religion; and that an act for keeping holy the same day, should be passed in the reign of Charles II. who, his best friends must acknowledge had no more religion, nor regard to its forms, than one of his own coach horses.

I owe much, says Kotzebue, I owe every thing to Seneca, and I believe, that during eighteen centuries, there has not lived a man in the world, who has blessed and revered his memory so much as myself.

Whoever (says the German dramatist) has undergone a series of misfortunes, must certainly have experienced that the mind is never more prone to superstition, than when under the immediate controul of grief. What would at other times be accounted as a mere nothing, acquires importance during the hour of affliction.

ITALIAN WOMEN.

The Italian women are not handsome in general, says the rev. Martin Sherlock, in one of his letters from Italy, but when they make a conquest, they know how to keep it. More perfect than the men in the refinements of dissimulation, they have an apparent frankness in their manner, which deceives even the Italians. Add to this the enchantment of their voices—I am persuaded that the most dangerous of all women, is a woman of wit, who knows how to sing.

I cannot say that these ladies are remarkable for the steadiness of their attachments, either to their husbands or their lovers. But then they say it is not their fault, but the men's. Pray, madam, said I to one, how can the ladies of this country permit themselves so many lovers? Why, says she, what would you have us do? Women were born to love, and we take a husband. This husband grows sick of us in a short time, neglects us, and attaches himself to another woman. I am sure I never thought of a lover, till I was convinced I had been wronged. No indeed, sir, I never was guilty of an *infidelity of imagination* towards my husband, till I was certain of his baseness. Allow then a little for the frailty of our natures, an inattentive husband, an assiduous lover, a warm climate, an inexperienced head, and a tender heart. Is it easy for us to resist? But see these men.—This lover quits us—we feel a horrid void; it must be filled; we take another lover—and another—and another, for they all forsake us; so that you see it is not we that are to blame, but the men; for there is not one of them knows what it is to be constant.

Our ancient ladies should be respected, and taken care of, observed a physician, for if girls continue to dress as they now do, old women will soon be extinct.

The ancient town of Shrewsbury told James that they wished his majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. "Then my successor," said the monarch, shrewdly, "must govern by *candle light*,"

Anacharsis, a Scythian philosopher, having attended an assembly of the people, observed, that wise men proposed questions, and fools decided on them.

A late marriage is thus announced :—"Mr. Frost to Miss Snow" —"*Hail* wedded love."

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Webly Slocum, to Miss Jemima Turnier, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Bishop, Mr. Henry Ryer, to Miss Letitia Bloodgood, both of this city.

At Curracoa, Mr. Robert Lyle, merchant, of this city, to the widow Dupin, daughter of Madame Vaquet, of that place.

On Thursday evening, March 17th by the rev. bishop Moore, Mr. George H. Clushman, merchant, of this city, to Miss Jane Milward, of Brooklyn.

At Red-Hook, on Monday last, Mr. Hubert Van Wagenen, of this city, to Miss Mary Wheeler, daughter of Dr. William Wheeler, of the former place.

On Tuesday evening, at Brookhaven, L. I. by the rev. Mr. Greene, Mr. Wm. Jayne, jun. to Miss Hannah Jones, all of that place.

At the same place, on the 18th inst. by the rev. Mr. Greene, captain Benjamin Jones, to Miss Charity Robins.

At Middletown, (N. Y.) on the 1st inst. by the rev. Levi Hall, M. James Williams, late of Portsmouth, Eng. to Miss Margaret Wells, eldest daughter of Mr. William Wells, late of Wantege, Berks, England.

At Satauket, L. I. the 19th inst. by the rev. Mr. Greene, Mr. Leonard Still, of said place, to Miss Mahitable Reeves,

---

all that live must die,
Passing thro' nature to eternity.

DIED,

On Sunday last, Mrs. Hannah Slipper, wife of Joseph F. Slipper.

On Tuesday 22d inst. Mr. Aaron Kellogg.

At Albany, on Saturday last, John Hicks, Esq. Representative from the county of Kings.

At Dorshetshire, Mass. Captain John Roche, a respectable revolutionary officer.

At Salem, (Mass.) Mrs. Ruth Goodhue, aged 91—a truly worthy and christian character. Mrs. Frances Ashton, wife of Mr. William Ashton, and daughter of the Honourable Benjamin Goodhue.

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum.....payable *one in advance*.

Those who reside out of the city to pay one year's advance at the time of subscribing.

POETRY.

FABLE.

The Dog and the Boys.

Passions there are so void of joy,
I'd sooner smother than employ:
Passions that raise a mental storm,
And promise what they ne'er perform:
Like some tale-bearing, busy servant,
Who in your service seldom fervent,
Relates, unquestioned, all he knows,
And proves the most severe of foes.
Among our servants of the mind,
Revenge is reckoned weak and blind;
Revenge, so arm'd with whips and stings
Can promise mighty clever things,
But all her projects in the end,
Her miserable bosom rend.

Those whose exalted consequence
Is very apt to take offence,
And seek revenge, should never fail
To read the underwritten tale.

A snapish cur, extremely vain,
Scowling on every dog disdain,
Would frequently parade the street,
Fighting with whom he chanc'd to meet.

This cur, the proudest of the brood,
Much on *the point of honour* stood;
In every circle popp'd his head,
To catch whatever might be said,
Having the vanity to dream,
That he must be the important theme.

It happened as some jovial boys,
Consolidating cares to joys;
Laughing at every thing they saw,
And eating jokes with greedy maw,
Were passing on with careless walk—
Up comes our cur to hear them talk.
A lad, as soon as he appears,
Begins to criticise his ears,
Which much enraged the dog, who swore,
So rash, to drink the fellows gore.
Hot for revenge, towards his foe,
He ventures valiantly to go,
Snaps at his leg like any shark,—
But rage being ever in the dark,
Instead of indentation shocking,
The puppy only rent the stocking.
Wheeling about to march away,
He, meditating seem'd to say:
I've safely heal'd my wounded pride,
And feel my honour satisfied.

Not so the boy, who turning round,
Level'd the puppy with the ground,
And whipping out his knife with speed,
Soon separated ears from head:
Nay more, so cruel and unkind,
He left not half an inch behind,
But cropp'd, to make the business full,
To what's call'd commonly the skull.
Nay more, the puppy's heart to gall,
Threw out this bitter taunt withal—

That when another boy appears
To ridicule his rampart ears,
Go seek revenge with might and main,
And boldly bite his legs *again*.

(*Emerald*)

SONG.

When you receive from wealth and state
And unexpected tumble,
You nobly give up all that's great,
And choose a girl that's humble.

And much of prudent wit he shows
Tho' you may think him crazy,
Who, disappointed of the rose,
Descends to pick the daisy.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH,
No. 299 *Broadway.*